

Mando'ad draar digu

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Category: Halo, Naruto

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Naruto U.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-11-04 19:20:55

Updated: 2012-11-06 09:35:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:59:54

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,790

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Mandalorians. The greatest civilization of warriors in the galaxy, wiped out in one cowardly swoop by the covenant. Did they think the Mandalorian culture would die so easily? One boy carries the spirit of his people as he joins a war that will decide the fate of humanity. Mando'ad draar digu. A Mandalorian never forgets.

1. Chapter 1

It's me with a new story! I'm taking a pseudo break from Naruto for two reasons.

Halo 4

And the fact that this has just a tiny bit of Naruto in it, and nobody ever makes a crossover this way.

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>"Too slow!"<p>

The boy was quickly struck by a blow he was too slow to dodge, throwing him to the ground roughly. It was like this daily, training endlessly so he could survive. Normal children played outside and went to school, not them.

In their culture, there was no place for frivolous pursuits. You could waste your time when you were an adult, childhood was to be spent growing properly. They did not need buildings of instruction, they taught their children what was necessary to know once they began to follow their own path. Math, science, and english were covered along with most subjects the average person spent most of their lives learning. However here these lessons were far more instinctual than

most, due to the fact that everyone would need these to survive.

They were not coddled like other humans, such foolishness was detrimental to their very existence. They were Mandalorians!

A proud warrior race was what they were. Humans was the technical term for their species but it was a frivolous term anyway. They were all humans. Who needed to call each other that? Human was the name of the coddled, weaker, less disciplined members of their species. Weakness was not allowed in their culture.

If not for the fact that mandalorians were warriors without exception, they're planet would have killed them long ago. Teeming with dangerous flora and fauna, as well as few hospitable spots to live. Not to mention the fact that the planet was always changing, locations switching, constantly forcing them to move.

It was because of this the mandalorians were always on the move, making sure they're possessions were easily transportable. A warrior who was not adaptable was a dead one.

His son was the prime example of a growing warrior. Five years old and already possessing willpower and spirit that rivaled mandalore himself. Hondo could not be prouder.

The boy was of average height for his age, but that was the only thing about him that could be considered average. He was of asian and european descent, with bright cerulean eyes filled with fire and spirit as he glared at his father from his position on the floor.

Tanned skin and slightly spiky blond hair that shaded his eyes from the unforgiving sun, something the boy was quite grateful for as he spat blood from his lips, slowly rose to his feet, and _growled _at his father. Exposing his larger and far sharper than average canines. The light reflected off of the tattoo on his left shoulder, they symbol the mandalorian people wore. A mythosaur. The Horned beast's face was far larger than average and stretched from the top of his shoulder to a few inches below his elbow. So overgrown because once the boy grew, the tattoo would only reach a bit above his elbow.

All their children got the tattoo, although some got it later. It was actually seared into their flesh, and more than one child had been horribly burned because they could not stay still during the painful procedure.

It never ceased to fascinate Hondo how his son was so interesting. There was an underlying feeling to the boy, like a growing predator. If not because of his incredibly sharp canines, or the fact that every growl and snarl from his throat was identical to that of a tiger's, it was definitely the whisker marks on his cheeks. Hondo had thought them to be tattoos originally, but he was surprised when he felt them, and it was actually grooved in the boy's cheeks.

"Mandokarla," he said warmly. The boy stopped his would be charge before smiling at the praise.

"Vor'e," he replied.

* * *

><p>Blackness clouding his vision.<p>

Why are there screams?

Roars that even his people do not make when they fight. Screeches and howls.

Fire, fire everywhere.

Why do I hide?

I am mandalorian!

Hiding is beneath us.

Warriors fight, bullets fly, shell casings litter the floor.

The cave is dark.

I have been told to emerge when there is no sound at all, or until someone comes to get me.

Where are the others?

Father says to watch my back.

Tion'ad hukaat'kama?

There is no more noise.

Emerging to find a land changed.

Flame and skulls everywhere.

The armored bodies of my people litter the ground. Am I alone?

Travelling through, searching for someone, _anyone_.

I will not cry. Mandalorians do not cry.

A loud noise blows through. A ship?

A man emerges, old, weathered, yet having the aura only the elders give off. Powerful, dangerous, experienced.

The covenant?

Hatred surges through me at the name.

The chance for vengeance he tells me. To become a warrior unlike any other.

Yes, there is no better chance than this.

Accepting the offer. Boarding this strange ship as I leave the planet.

Flames become embers, and embers fade away from view.

They are not dead, they live in my mind.

Only one thing can be said.

Ret'urcye mhi.

Maybe we'll meet again.

* * *

><p>Well, that's the first chapter, don't worry, the rest will be longer.<p>

I've shown some of his past, there will be more, but not for a while. I rather like Mandalorians, as they're basically the unaugmented version of Spartans.

Oh, and I want to clear something up. Since this is the haloverse, there is no jutsu, ninja, chakra, or any of that crap. Naruto is not an idealistic moron who wastes his entire life on self delusion, if you don't like that then read something else.

And I've always wondered what Naruto would look like if he were in the haloverse, so i'm gonna describe him for ya.

He has the same facial features as cloud strife, but less pale and with whisker marks. And his hair is like Raiden from metal gear revengeance when he lets it down. And the growling thing is like the thundercats in the newer version. Oh, and he's got teeth like Wolverine, you know, big, sharp canines that look like fangs but don't stick out of his mouth.

Eh, tell me what you think. Wulvenbeast out.

P.S. They're speaking Mando'a, the mandalorian language. Look it up on wookieepedia

2. Chapter 2

Beta Company . . . what kind of name was that?

_ 'I suppose that means we're replacing an alpha company then?' _
Naruto mused as the man, who was called Mendez explained their purpose.

He was one of several hundred children ranging from age four to six. They were in the hands of the UNSC, humanity's official military. What they needed children for, he didn't know, but considering his circumstances caring wasn't one of his strong suits at the moment.

They had all been attacked. Their homes destroyed, loved ones lost, all at the hands of the alien coalition known as the covenant. Mendez had approached them all with an offer of revenge, and all had accepted without hesitation.

Upon entering the enclosure in those massive transport ships called pelicans the first test had been to grab a parachute and safely land on the ground more than one thousand feet below. He had been the first to jump, and soon the rest followed.

The blond's eyes widened with surprise as a massive _verd _wearing armor strode forward until he was standing beside Mendez. The man began to speak, introducing himself as Kurt Ambrose, and Naruto found himself staring with rapt attention as they were told of their purpose here. They would become Spartans, a fighting force unlike any other. They would be trained, their weaknesses purged, their bodies and minds growing until they reached the absolute limits of human potential . . . and even beyond that.

A pang ripped his heart as he listened to the _verde's _speech. It sounded much like his people had been, yet despite the fact that _Mando'ad _had been warriors without equal, in the end, they were humans like any others. If he could become _more _than just human, more than what he would have been even if his people had survived, then he would be a warrior unlike any before him.

Not even Mandalore himself would be his equal!

As for now

He snapped to attention as they were marched off to barracks. What would be their home for the next few years. He was shaved, and for the first time in years he felt a cold chill run across his scalp uncomfortably. Then it was off to bed.

As he climbed into his cot, Naruto read his dog tags.

Naruto-B170

* * *

><p>Naruto snarled furiously at the drill instructor who had shocked him off of the bed, causing him to fall and break his nose as a result.<p>

The other trainees were watching curiously, wondering what the hell he was planning if he was trying to take on a full grown man by himself. As for the instructor himself, he was quite unsure of what to do. I mean, sure he had all the advantages plus a stun baton, but the kid was _snarling_ at him like a full grown tiger, not to mention his teeth looked like fangs, and it was freaking him the hell out.

Then the snarling stopped.

Naruto made the rush. It was imperfect, his steps creating slight noise as he charged straight forward, the only focus in his mind the man who had injured him. Panicking, the instructor stabbed forward with his baton. The blond grinned darkly, _'Perfect.'_

He sidestepped the clumsy blow and launched a fist into every man's most vulnerable area. His reproduction area.

The baton clattered on the floor as the instructor grabbed his balls

and gave a shrill scream most children in the room winced at. Amusingly enough the same thought ran through their heads. '_I didn't know men could scream like that.'_

Growling in victory Naruto tackled the weakened man and began smashing his tiny fists into his face as rapidly and powerfully as he could, furious rage burning in his eyes. He didn't care about how each time his fist struck, the man's face seemed to feel softer, he didn't care about the pain from his throbbing nose, he didn't care when blood began to splatter his fists, he didn't care about any of it. All he cared about was smashing the face of his enemy until it caved inward.

At least until he was dragged off by strong hands and thrown to the ground. Grunting at the pain of his impact, he glared at the person who had thrown him, only to find himself gazing at his own reflection in the _verde's_ visor. Behind him several other men were helping the instructor, whose face now resembled that of Rocky after getting his ass kicked in the ring, up from the ground.

Naruto gulped inwardly, yet maintained his glare on the outside. To show weakness was death. Here it would be slaughter.

"Trainee," the _verd_ began. "Why have you assaulted one of your superiors?"

"The _di'kut_ shocked me." Naruto spat, proud that his voice didn't tremble. The _verd_ said nothing for a while, he merely stared at the defiant boy and then his victim before stepping forward menacingly, and to his surprise, Naruto copied him, growling.

Kurt raised an eyebrow underneath his helmet. "And if I have a problem with that?" He asked, wondering what the boy's response would be.

The "boy" merely smirked. "Then do something about it." He took another step forward until he was staring directly up at the spartan. "Or is it too much for the big bad spartan?" He taunted.

Naruto didn't know why he was doing this, but he refused to just bow down like a coward. It was in his blood, his instinct, second nature. He _had_ to prove himself, to show dominance now or just be another faceless soldier among the others. Hell, the man could literally squash him like a bug, but here he was challenging him.

Kurt raised an eyebrow. '_Never losing spirit, even when facing insurmountable odds.' _He thought. He continued to stare at the boy as memories assailed him. Of a particularly infamous group of spartans. Gray Team, the most rebellious, strong willed soldiers in the entire spartan-II program. This kid definitely had balls. If the rest were anything like this . . . He suddenly grinned, unseen though it was. '_I like this kid already.'_

He lowered to one knee, and then even more until he was level with Naruto's defiant stare. "It's not too much. Just too little." And, ignoring the blond's enraged snarl he rose to his full height. "Trainees!" They immediately snapped to attention, lining up before him. Even Naruto, although he was trying to burn a hole through Kurt's head with eyes.

Kurt walked along, eyeing them all before he stopped. "Time to begin," he announced. "Outside!"

The trainees scrambled for the doors, almost trampling each other in the process.

* * *

><p>Fists flew as two boys traded blows.<p>

The blond sent a flurry of punches off all kinds as his foe dodged them all in an impressive display of skill, smirking as he saw an opening and rushed forward to take advantage.

His foe hid a dark smirk as he took the bait. It was moments like these at he lived for. Guns and tactics were all good and dandy but hand to hand was his specialty. Especially when people fell for feints like this.

Whirling around as the other boy tried a jab to his chest, he grabbed the offending arm and smashed a knee into the corresponding stomach. A snap kick staggered the boy before a jab knocked a few teeth loose.

Okay now this was different. Sure they were all on the way to becoming the best soldiers humanity could create, but how the hell was this guy so good at CQC? It was unreal.

The blond's blows were fast, accurate, and above all else, strong. He was fighting as hard as he could, but he could only hold out so long.

The end came when he tried a left hook and followed with a backhand that was grabbed, and slapped aside before a sideways chop snapped his head back. 'Shit!'. His vision flashed with different colors as a furious combo of punches and kicks knocked him around.

A back elbow followed by a spinning right hook sent him into merciful darkness.

Naruto stood over his unconscious foe, panting. They were in the midst of another training exercise and his team had separated for maximum efficiency.

It was 2541, three years since he had joined, and it had been quite hard. They woke up early and trained at a pace that would put the most hardened jarheads to shame. Learning how to properly load and fire an MA5, learning to kill with nothing but their hands and feet, and even learning to operate covenant vehicles.

There was no place for weakness or softness. All of the softness had been purged by now, and unknown to the soldiers in training, the vetting process for the 300 who would be augmented and put into service was on. The most the children knew was that certain members were disappearing, and they could tell by now it definitely wasn't a good team.

It worked in their favor though, as it merely drove the remaining members to train even harder. No one gave less than 100 percent of effort in anything they did, whether it was training, exercise, or

the drills they regularly took.

Naruto had grown in three years. At eight years old most civilians would mistake him for at least eleven. With no fat and extraordinary muscle tone, he was quite the soldier. The years had weeded out his remaining innocence, and his eyes were hard, yet they still carried the same fire and indomitable will that had impressed Commander Kurt all those years ago.

Yes, he had lost his petty rage towards the giant_ verd _and begun to respect him. To Naruto, Kurt was what he wanted in a soldier. Strong, fast, loyal to his family, and a leader.

The blond had accepted Beta Company as his family long ago. If they were to be soldiers fighting together, then bonds were important right? But most of all, he had accepted his team as_ true_ family. _Aliit ori'shya tal'din. _Family is more than blood.

They were Team-Atlas, after the titan who held up the sky in greek mythology. Comprised of Emmet-B236, the team's hacker. He was a redhead with brown eyes and a scar on his lip, from a training incident when some shrapnel from a grenade cut him. he was sarcastic and witty, although it didn't get in the way of his work.

Then there was Sam-B073. She was the second in command, and rightly so. She had bright silver hair and actually had one brown eye with the other being emerald green. She was competitive, much like Naruto, and they had often butted heads in the past. but eventually Emmet knocked their heads together and told them to shape up or get kicked out of the program because they couldn't work together.

The pair had agreed, with lots of grumbling, but eventually they got to know each other, and found themselves the best of friends. Emmet had laughed and told them they were almost exactly the same. 'A pair of competitive spitfires who won't wait to get to the end of the line, they'll just shove their way past and if anyone complains they'll just kick their asses.' Emmet, to his chagrin, had been proven right when Sam had immediately challenged him to a few rounds in the ring, and Naruto had beaten him black and blue right after.

Sam was a definitely a tracker unlike any other. She could find you by following the tiniest traces, like a scuffed tree root, or a single flattened blade of grass. Emmet would joke and say she was part wolf. Not to mention she had excellent parkour skills, something she insisted on teaching the rest of the team so they would be able to have an advantage over the other teams. She trained them to the bone until Team-Atlas could navigate any terrain in a way that was eerily reminiscent of a certain video game from several centuries ago.

The next slot was taken by their engineer and demolitions expert Sev-B301. Sev was a quiet boy of hispanic descent with dark eyes who didn't speak much unless there was something important to say. Everyone respected him, because if there was anything you needed fixed or dust, Sev was your guy.

And Naruto was the leader. The blond had a natural affinity for CQC and was one of the best in the program without a weapon. Many of his fellow spartans in training had learned this the hard way when they

stepped into the ring with him and promptly had their asses handed to them.

The blond was quite strong, even by their standards, and had the makings of a leader. He was fiery, rebellious to the core, and he would bend the rules to increase chances of success in a mission. Naruto was willing to do anything for his friends, and he would question orders that seemed foolish or secretive.

Interestingly enough, he was also quite stealthy. Like some kind of 'super ninja' as Emmet liked to joke. Surprisingly the rest of the team agreed with this statement, even Sev. Therefore Naruto was the assassination and hand to hand combat specialist.

Team-Atlas was already in the running for augmentation, even if they didn't know it. They were as tightly knit as any other team, but they were more like a family than most others as well.

The members even spoke mandalorian, as hearing Naruto speak, curse, and sometimes give orders in his native tongue had sometimes caused them to lose due to miscommunication. After a while, they could speak it just as fluently as their leader, and it became a habit of theirs to use the language when speaking over the comms to confuse their foes.

Naruto 'Sabertooth' on account of his feral nature and fanglike canines.

Sam 'Huntress' for her extraordinary tracking abilities.

Emmet 'Neo' since he loved messing with tech. And he had some weird obsession with an old movie he'd seen before he joined the program.

And Sev was just Sev. Nobody could really come up with a nickname for him. His own name was one.

Together they formed Team-Atlas, a proud squad of Beta Company spartans, and unknown to them, definitely in the running for augmentation, even more actually.

* * *

><p>"Winter, tell me about B-170."

"B-170? What do you want to know?"

"Bring up his genes. What was their rating?"

"Both the AI and spartan were aware that to have a ten meant the subject was a perfect human. Such a thing was practically impossible, but he wanted to see which members of Beta Company would be exceptional, even more than their peers."

"Commander, his rating is a 9.6!"

"9.6 eh? Are there any other subjects who have similar ratings?"

_"Kurt was just as astonished as Deep Winter, but he was a spartan, he

had excellent reign over his emotions. Still, a 9.6 was extraordinary, the last spartan who had such a high rating was John._

He shook his head as winter brought up several more subjects of interest.

"Subject-B320, rating is 8.9. Subject-B312, rating is 9.2. Subject-B073, rating is 9.0. Subject-B236, rating is 8.9. Subject-B301, rating is 9.1. Subject-B091, rating is 8.9."

Now he was surprised. They had been only two in Alpha Company with ratings that high. They had been taken out of the program before Operation: PROMETHEUS was launched. Now there were seven? That would definitely be an advantage. Since Spartan-III's were chosen from a wider gene pool, they were physically inferior to the Spartan-II's on two counts.

One, since their genes were of lower quality, the augmentations could not be used to their full effect. And two, they had improved the process so there would be no casualties as a result of augmentation, but at the cost of the catalytic thyroid implant, which caused significant gain in muscle mass and bone density, giving an added boost in strength and durability.

However, since these subjects had "perfect" genes like the Spartan-II's, their augmentation effects would be superior along with superior physical characteristics as well as mental because the superiority in their genes allowed the augmentations to work more effectively. Stronger, faster, equipped with better reflexes than their peers. And he would give them the tools so they would be the best.

"Winter, keep a close eye on these specific subjects. I have a feeling they'll really shake things up out there."

"You're not the only one."

* * *

><p>"What's your status?" He questioned, pressing two fingers two his comm link.

He heard a snort on the other end. _"Sam breached the ara'nov and she's setting a detonator an their objective. Sev's guiding her to make sure to make a mistake while I've hacked into the mainframe for their motion trackers, it's a strobe light festival in there!"

—

Naruto rolled his eyes, leave it to Emmet to screw with one of the most vital tools they were allowed to use. _"The commander's gonna have your ass for this. You know that right?" _But inwardly, he was laughing his ass off. Some subjects tended to rely on their motion trackers too much and it _would_ be funny to see them running around like headless chickens.

"Cui ogir'olar, there are no rules on the battlefield right? The commander understands that. Mendez too."

The blond nodded. _"Just be careful,"_ he ordered. He wasn't worried,

his teammates could handle themselves. It was just that during the best laid plans, things had a tendency of going to shit _real_ fast.

"Don't I always?" They disconnected, and a rumble nearly knocked him off his feet before he braced himself with the sheer strength of his legs. Naruto stared at the plume of smoke and fire before his neutral demeanor broke with a feral smile on his face.

"Damn,_ jatnese be te jatnese_ could not describe us any better."

Shaking his head, he jogged towards the explosion, knowing his team would be waiting.

He climbed up a trunk, grabbing at a branch before he found himself swinging and leaping among the trees like a certain man of the wild. He felt free, powerful. Like it was his domain. _He_ was the apex predator, and his pack were the greatest.

Vaulting over a small canopy, he swiftly landed before he was sprinting along the branch, arms out on each side for balance before he reached a fork in the tree trunk. Climbing one of it's branches, he continued his journey before leaping from the brush to the floor below, rolling to minimize the impact. His eyes scanned the clearing before he launched a chop sideways, which was swiftly blocked.

Naruto pressed the attack with two swift punches followed by a low kick and back elbow, all of which were blocked or countered before his wrist was caught, and he grabbed his opponent's before the punch could impact.

Staring into those dark, _dark_ eyes, he jumped back. "Sorry Sev," he apologized.

The hispanic merely shrugged. "I shouldn't have snuck up on you Naruto."

"Are the others here?"

Instead of answering Sev merely pointed behind him, revealing Sam laying at the trunk of the tree adjacent to where Naruto had arrived. "Edgy much?" She asked with a smirk.

Naruto bared his canines in a sneer. "Like you wouldn't have attacked."

She shrugged, her eyes filled with amusement. "I probably would have. It's just fun to tease." Naruto gave her that one. "I guess," he replied, the look in his eyes mirroring hers.

"Hey you two, save it for when you're alone." The cheeky voice of Emmet cut in as he emerged from the shadow of a bush.

Sam scowled at him. "Shut up." He just grinned in response. "You never said no!" He continued, face lighting up with childish glee. A pebble that he dodged just in time disproved that theory.

"Copaani mirshmure'cye, vod?" Sam threatened, holding more rocks in

her hands. Emmet held up his hands in surrender, knowing that the saying anything else might leave him in need of serious tweezing._
'Never again,'_ he swore mentally, shivering.

Naruto stepped forward to play peacemaker. "_Udesii,_ you guys. I don't Emmet in Intensive Care for rocks stuck up his ass _again._" He put emphasis on the again, causing Emmet to scowl and Sam to smirk. "So verbally and physically kick each other's asses later alright?"

They nodded, and wordlessly they began jumping and climbing through the forest towards the meeting point as the flare to signal the end of the games rose into the air, bathing them in a vermillion glow.

* * *

><p>That's the end of another chapter.<p>

So Team-Atlas are my oc's and they'll have a different fate from the rest of Beta Company if I have anything to say about it. And coincidentally, I do!

B320 is Kat, B312 is Noble Six, B091 is Lucy, and that's really it.

So let me explain the thing about augmentations.

The Spartan-II's got another augmentation that increased muscle growth and bone density, giving them bigger and stronger bodies. Spartan-III's are also huge, but since they lack that extra augmentation and genes as perfect as the Spartan-II's, they are physically inferior. However, since there is no way I'll accept having Naruto and MY characters as inferior they have genes on the level of the Spartan-II's, meaning once they're augmented they'll be stronger, faster, and basically better than those without similar genes.

AND I've added another element to their augmentations that you'd only see in another company of Spartans. Anyway next chap is all about augmentation and what follows.

Bye!

End
file.